

## ROMINENT ODD FELLOW

Bad Case of Catarrh and Other Complications. Fully Restored by Peruna.



Mr. Chas. L. Sauer.

Mr. Chas. L. Sauer, Grand Scribe, Grand Encampment I. O. O. F., of Texas, writes from San Antonio, Texas: "Nearly two years ago I accepted a position as secretary and treasurer of one of the leading dry goods establishments of Galveston, Texas. The sudden change from a high and dry altitude to sea level proved too much for me and I became afflicted with catarrh and cold in the head, and general debility to such an extent as to almost incapacitate me for attending to my duties."

"I was induced to try Peruna, and after taking several bottles in small doses I am pleased to say I was entirely restored to my former normal condition and have ever since recommended the use of Peruna to my friends."

Ask Your Druggist for a Free Peruna Almanac for 1911.

### PRECAUTIONS.



"I mustn't color my lips tonight, for I'm sure to sit out half a dozen dances with Charlie, and he's such a boy for kissing."

### A Poultry Problem.

"Which is correct," ask the summer boarder who wished to air his knowledge, "to speak of a sitting hen or a setting hen?"

"I don't know," replied the farmer's wife, "and what's more, I don't care. But there's one thing I would like to know: when a hen cackles, has she been laying, or is she lying?"

### Burning Money.

Blobbs—How did he make his money?

Blobbs—In smoking tobacco.

Blobbs—Is that so? I've been smoking tobacco nearly all my life, but I never made any money at it—Denver Times.

### The Pronouns.

"We must economize," said the man of high financial authority.

"Your grammar is at fault," replied the ordinary citizen. "Why do you insist on using the first instead of the second person plural?"

### Feminine Financiering.

He—I've won our bet on the football game and you owe me ten kisses. She (a commercial school graduate)—Very well, I'll give you a draft on mamma.

### Parliamentary Quarrel.

"I, sir, am always at the truth!" "Well, all I have to say is, you're a very bad shot."—Le Sourire.

## For Breakfast ?????? The Happy Reply— Post Toasties

A crisp, dainty food that pleases young and old.

Wholesome Economical Convenient

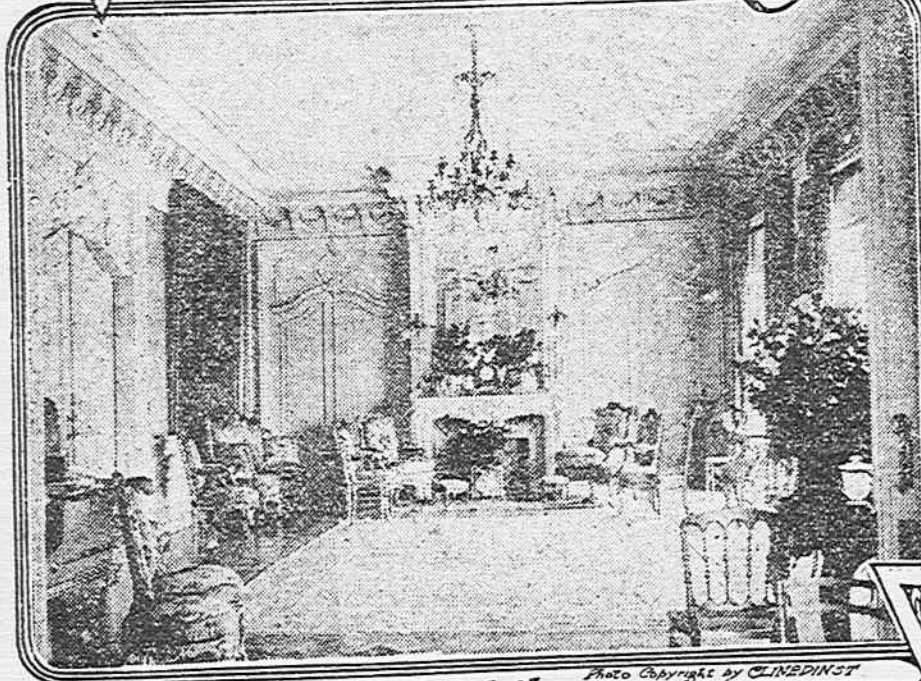
Serve with cream or milk (hot or cold).

"The Memory Lingers"

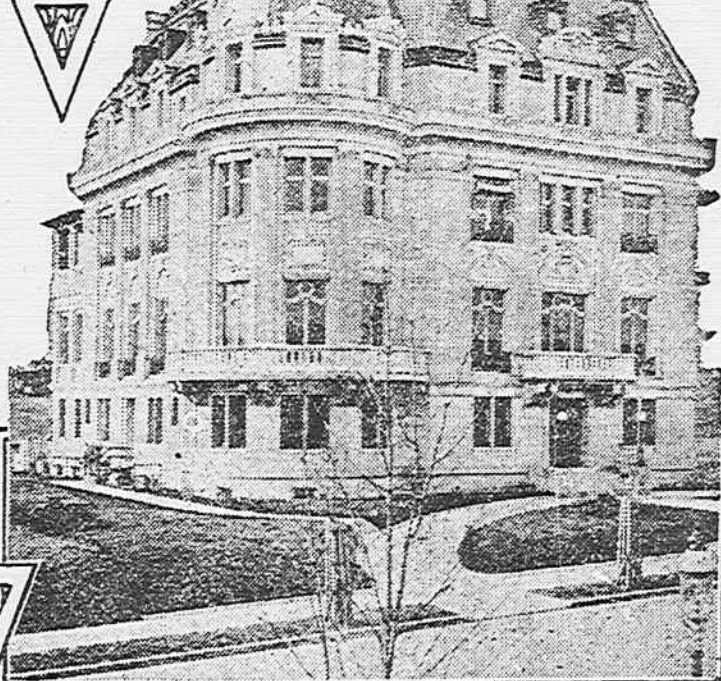
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# The Foreign Colony in Washington

By  
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CLARK  
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DRAWING ROOM OF  
FRENCH EMBASSY

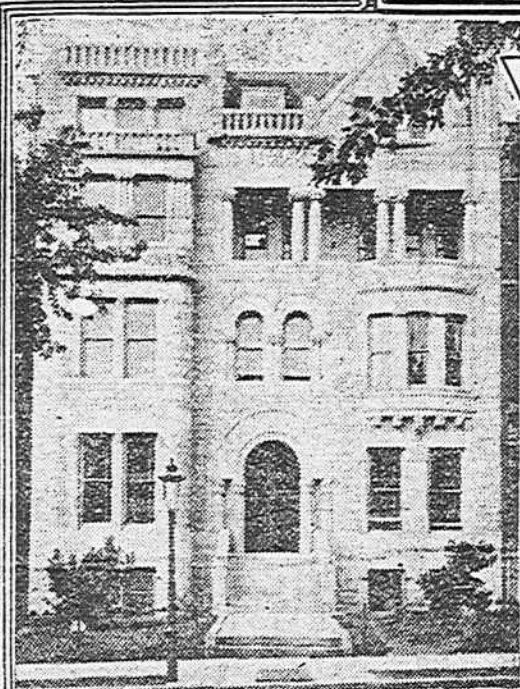


THE FRENCH  
EMBASSY



WASHINGTON has within its limits considerable foreign territory. The residences of the ministers to the United States from other countries are considered in a sense as alien ground, and therefore home sanctuary for those who dwell therein.

The foreign official colony in Washington forms a study of life interest which is never wearying to the native inhabitants of the capital. "The foreigners are so different," is the way that the natives put it. This is true in a large sense, but in specific instances the foreigners are not so different. Many of them, especially those from Central and South American countries, fall readily into the United States habit of life, and seem to think, rightly, doubtless, that as representatives of republics they cannot do better than to follow the ways of the people of the greatest republic of them all. It is an utter mistake, and a very common one



THE JAPANESE EMBASSY



THE CHINESE EMBASSY



VIEW IN TURKISH LEGATION

among the people of the United States, to think that because so many of the foreign diplomats in Washington represent monarchies and have titles, they are possessed of a certain high mightiness that keeps them aloof from the democratic horde. The stranger American who calls at any of the embassies or legations is sure of courteous treatment, which is not always forthcoming when a call is made at an American home. Of course the foreigners have a native courtesy which is inbred, but unquestionably they have it impressed upon them by their home government before coming to this country that America is a democracy and that they must remember that here all men are considered equal. There are plenty of foreign diplomats who will be hail fellows well met in a crowd of Americans, but who in a crowd of their own countrymen will be very careful to observe distinctions of class, and hold it beneath their dignity to show any familiarity with one held to be inferior in social standing.

The diplomats in Washington are great sticklers for precedence among themselves. Length of service in the capital is the thing that counts. The ranking ambassador may be a mere mister, but he has the privilege of precedence over another ambassador who may be a count or a baron. The importance or the wealth or the strength of the nation represented in Washington amount to nothing where the question of priority of rank among the representatives is concerned. Great Britain ordinarily is considered a much more powerful and important nation in the world of affairs than Austria-Hungary. Yet today in Washington the representative of the latter country in official and social processions walks ahead of the representative of the former country.

The ranking diplomat in the capital city is Baron Hengelmüller von Hengervar, privy councillor, ambassador extraordinary and plenipotentiary of Austria-Hungary. The baron has been in the diplomatic service of his country ever since he was a youth, and he is the foreigner of longest service in the United States. The home life of the baron and Baroness Hengelmüller is of the proverbially ideal type. In an article on the Austria-Hungarian ambassador, John Ellifreth Watkins says of the home of the diplomat:

"The embassy is a treasury of souvenirs of sojourns among and intimate acquaintance with the great personages who have shaped and are shaping the history of the world. In the drawing room are bronze busts of the emperor and the late ill-fated empress, and upon one of the tables is a jewel case presented by the queen of Saxony. In the dining room are displayed a profusion of ancestral plate, and the portraits of all of the

rulers of the house of Hapsburg from the eleventh century down to Francis Joseph himself. Inside the embassy the fads of the ambassador and his wife are apparent, those of the ambassador being autographs and signed photographs of the great actors in the theater of events; those of the baroness exotic plants, birds from the forests of distant countries, and dogs."

It has been said that length of service in Washington rules the matter of precedence among the diplomats. It should be known, however, that ambassadors rank ministers, and so it may be that the minister who has been here for ten years must of necessity give way in the social and official processions to the ambassador who has just arrived. Senor Don Joaquin Bernardo Calvo is the minister from the little country of Costa Rica. He ranks the representatives of such nations as Sweden, Portugal, Greece, Denmark, the Netherlands, Belgium, China, Spain and Norway. Senor Calvo has been in America as the representative of his country for eleven years.

The minister from the little Central American republic has many things to recommend him to the interest of the people of the capital. It has been said here many times that the family of Senor Calvo could make a fortune on the vaudeville stage as musicians, for each one of the twelve children plays a musical instrument and is possessed of a good singing voice.

The ambassador of Great Britain to the United States is the Right Hon. James Bryce, who is known or ought to be known to all Americans as the author of "The American Commonwealth." His length of service puts Mr. Bryce fourth in the precedence list. He is ranked by the representatives of Austria-Hungary, France and Russia. The British ambassador takes the keenest interest in social, political and governmental conditions in America, and his wife is no less keenly interested. Mr. Bryce is sympathetic with American institutions.

All of the foreign diplomats in Washington are democratic; at least while they are in the capital city. James Bryce is noticeably democratic; he rides in a street car nine times where he rides in a carriage once.

For five years Baron Rosen, master of the imperial court, has been the ambassador extraordinary and plenipotentiary of Russia to the United States. It is worth while to see Baron Rosen in his regalia of state at one of the great White House receptions. The Russian can't to furs, and the fur trimmings of the ambassadorial cloak are both picturesque and priceless. While the baron has been ambassador only four years, he is no stranger to this country. Nearly thirty

years ago he was consul general of his government in New York city. Later he was chargé d'affaires in Washington when Grover Cleveland was president.

When the peace conference was on at Portsmouth, N. H., and an attempt was being made to end the war between Russia and Japan, Baron Rosen was one of the special conference envoys of his government. This fact leads me to tell a hitherto unpublished story of the Russian ambassador, a story which goes to show how careful foreign diplomats of standing are to avoid all possible chance of even personal difficulties with individual Americans. It should be said, however, that Baron Rosen, because of his natural instincts, probably would have acted in this case just as he did even though he had not been the representative of the czar of all the Russias.

One of Baron Rosen's comrades on the peace conference board was his fellow-countryman, the Count von Witte. An American woman and her little daughter were driving in a light buggy on a road between Manchester-by-the-Sea and Portsmouth. All at once there came whirling into the road from a tree-lined lane an automobile which struck the buggy, turned it over and threw mother and daughter on to a grassy bank on the side of the road. The shock of the collision smashed the lighter vehicle so badly that the horse was released, and it promptly ran away.

The automobile was stopped instantly and two gray headed men jumped out and ran to the assistance of the woman and child. Apparently both were unhurt. The automobilists were profoundly sorry, sympathetic and apologetic. They took the mother and daughter in their machine and whisked them five miles away to the nearest doctor, who, after an examination, said that neither of them was hurt in the least. Then the woman and the child were taken in the automobile again and driven to their residence, which was ten miles off. The occupants of the automobile said they must leave for an hour but they would return. They entered their machine, drove off and in just one hour they were back.

It was subsequently learned that while they were away they had given an order at a village carriage shop for a new buggy to be delivered to the owner of the one that had been demolished. They found that the horse had returned uninjured to the stable. After doing these errands the return trip was made to the home of the woman and child. There they said that if the slightest injury to either of the occupants of the buggy resulted they stood ready to pay all damages which might be asked. They were assured by the woman that no physical harm had been done. The two automobilists apologized again, bowed, and handed their cards, on which were inscribed the names, titles and addresses of the Baron Rosen and the Count von Witte.

The ambassador second in rank in Washington is Mr. J. J. Jusserand of the Republic of France. Mr. Jusserand is well known, not only as a diplomat but for his literary attainments.

Like many other foreign diplomats in Washington, Mr. Jusserand married an American wife. Perhaps it may be held by some people that Mme. Jusserand is not an American because she happened to be born in Paris, but both her parents were Americans. The list of foreigners in the diplomatic service who have married American women is a long one. Curiously enough, the last two German ambassadors to American both claimed brides on this side of the water. A good many of these international alliances come about in this way: The young foreign attaches of the legations while on duty in Washington fall in love with and marry American girls. Later in life, when promotion in the service comes, they are sent back as ministers or ambassadors to the land where they married. Some people say that this sort of thing makes for international peace, and perhaps it does.

WAITING FOR TROUBLE.



How long would they have to wait for a kiss if you were there, dear boy?

### STUBBORN ECZEMA ON HANDS

"Some nine years ago I noticed small pimples breaking out on the back of my hands. They became very irritating, and gradually became worse, so that I could not sleep at night. I consulted a physician who treated me a long time, but it got worse, and I could not put my hands in water. I was treated at the hospital, and it was just the same. I was told that it was a very bad case of eczema. Well, I just kept on using everything that I could for nearly eight years until I was advised to try Cuticura Ointment. I did so, and I found after a few applications and by bandaging my hands well up that the burning sensations were disappearing. I could sleep well, and did not have any itching during the night. I began after a while to use Cuticura Soap for a wash for them, and I think by using the Soap and Ointment I was much benefited. I stuck to the Cuticura treatment, and thought if I could use other remedies for over seven years with no result, and after only having a few applications and finding ease from Cuticura Ointment, I thought it deserved a fair trial with a severe and stubborn case. I used the Ointment and Soap for nearly six months, and I am glad to say that I have hands as clear as anyone."

"It is my wish that you publish this letter to all the world, and if anyone doubts it, let them write me and I will give them the name of my physician, also the hospital I was treated at." (Signed) Miss Mary A. Bentley, 93 University St., Montreal, Que., Sept. 14, 1910.

### Due Precautions.

In a town in Georgia there was an old preacher whose knowledge of the world was not wide nor deep, but who conceived it to be a place where, one should trust his fellow men, he should at the same time keep an eye on his own interests.

One hot day he pulled off his coat and preached a vigorous sermon, under the pines, in his shirt sleeves. At the close of the open-air service one of his admirers approached him and said, regretfully:

"I don't suppose that you knew the editor of one of the big New York Sunday papers was here when you pulled off your coat?"

"I reckon I knew it, well for I'd been told of it," said the preacher, calmly. "Don't believe he's as bad as he might be, and anyway, I put my coat on the chair close by and had it right under my eye all the time."—Youth's Companion.

### In Different Parts of the House.

Caller (to little daughter of the house)—Hullo dear? Where are you off to?

Daughter of the House—I'm just going up to watch Marie do mother's hair.

Caller—Oh, dear! Then I'm afraid we shan't be able to see your mother.

Daughter of the House—Ch, yes; you'll find her down there in the drawing room.

### Free Blood Cure.

If you have pimples, offensive eruptions, old sores, cancer, itching, scratching eczema, suppurating swellings, bone pains, hot skin, or if your blood is thin or impure, then Botanic Blood Balm (B.B.B.) will heal every sore, stop all itching, and make the blood pure and rich. Cures after all else fails. \$1.00 per large bottle at drug stores. Sample free by writing Blood Balm Co., Atlanta, Ga., Department B.

### Returning the Compliment.

Mrs. Faraway—I suppose you've forgotten that this is the anniversary of your wedding day?

Professor Faraway (abstracting himself from comic sections)—Eh? What? Dear me! Is it, really? And when is your's, dear?—Stray Stories.

### Important to Mothers

Examine carefully every bottle of CASTORIA, a safe and sure remedy for infants and children, and see that it bears the

Signature of *Dr. H. H. Plummer* In Use For Over 30 Years.

The Kind You Have Always Bought.

### Not Serious.

"I hear there are grave charges against Senator Jinks."

"What are they?" "The sexton's bills."—Baltimore American.

When a woman has an eye for the beautiful she hunts up a mirror.